

MP news



FEBRUARY

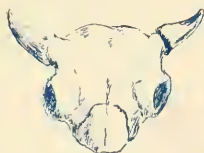
1968

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MONTANA



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W. J. G. G. G.

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THE M. P. NEWS IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY THE MEN AND WOMEN OF THE MONTANA STATE PRISON, DEER LODGE, MONTANA, WITH THE PERMISSION OF THE WARDEN AND UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE DIRECTOR OF EDUCATION. THIS PUBLICATION SERVES TO GIVE THE INMATE AN OPPORTUNITY FOR CREATIVE EXPRESSION AND TO PROMOTE BETTER UNDERSTANDING BETWEEN PRISONERS AND PUBLIC. THE OPINIONS EXPRESSED HEREIN ARE THE WRITERS AND NOT NECESSARILY THOSE OF THE ADMINISTRATION. SUBJECT AS OTHERWISE NOTED, PERMISSION FOR REPUBLICATION OF MATERIAL IS GRANTED. A SHARE OF THE REPRODUCTION WOULD BE APPRECIATED. ADDRESS ALL MAIL, SUBSCRIPTIONS & ORDERS TO: THE EDITOR, M. P. NEWS, BOX 7, DEER LODGE, MONTANA 59022.

A Member of the Penal Press

Volume IX
February

Number 4
1968

STIR-TIS-TICS

High Number	22307	Low Number	14550
Population Inside	344	Roth Hall	161
Women's Quarters	9	Ranches	12
Misc. Trusties	7	Total Count	530

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rs' Desk

Prison

All too often I have heard it said, "You didn't learn a thing from being in Prison." And this seems to be a phrase that sometimes sets the stage for the return of an individual to our walled city. But, I wonder if society ever stops to ask themselves, "Why did, _____ after having been in prison, return to the same way of life that led to his first fall?" And in doing so, (if any do this) I wonder how many come even close to the truth.

Probably to illustrate what I am attempting to relate it would be helpful if we took a hypothetical case and examine it closely.

Let us say that an individual is released from prison after having completed a sentence for the crime of a no-funds check. He returns to his home town, and since this is the town from which he fell to begin with, every one is acquainted with the fact that he is an exconvict. After returning he finds a job. It seems as if he is making headway in gaining a semblance of respectability. But he hits a snag. He finds he needs financial help and goes to a bank to negotiate a loan. For some reason he is turned down. The resentment against a society which he feels has injured him in the past now boils to the surface. He feels that he is being persecuted for or because of his past. Let us say that maybe he had a drinking problem in the past. So in defiance he goes on a drunk, and while under the influence he writes another check. Inevitably someone will say, "I told you it was just a matter of time. Prison didn't teach him a thing." THEY HAD BEEN WAITING!

It goes without saying that the drinking spree was unnecessary; that writing the check was wrong. But it goes much farther than that. Why was he sent to prison in the first place? Merely to show him that if he did this type of thing again he would be locked up? I sincerely hope not. I for one would like to think that the

Judge looked down and sentenced him and actually felt that he would be helped by a period of incarceration.

Many times individuals are sentenced to prison with the admonition that they need help and prison is the place to get this help. If this is the case; if people are helped by prison then why is the crime rate so high? Why do people after being released return to the same type of life? It must be assumed that these individuals are not receiving the necessary help they need to change their lives. Therefore it must also be assumed that in a great number of cases prisons are failing!

This is not to say that everyone who enters a prison comes out the same or worse than when he went in. There are many individuals that take it upon themselves to try and evaluate their problems and to avail themselves of the few rehabilitive programs offered by penal institutions. And this brings us to the gist of this Editorial

There are not enough rehabilitive oriented programs in our penitentiaries. In prison programs of this nature become secondary due to the fact that there are not enough trained personnel to carry the additional load these programs would pose. And because of this prisons often fail to turn people back to society in better shape than when they entered. Now I feel quite certain that you who are members of society would not be satisfied if you were to place your automobile in a repair shop; have it returned after a period of time only to find that it hadn't been touched. An odd simily? Perhaps, but often this is what happens in prison. Yet you or the majority of you are complacent with the fact that the individual was simply locked up. And yet after his release if he should goof, you are the first to yell the loudest and you place the blame entirely on the individual.

What could be done to remedy this situation? Being a convict myself, my ideas will probably be colored some, but the answer or at least a step in the right direction would seem to lie in public interest. It would seem that people on the streets (society) should begin to realize that they are spending a lot of money on us. And if they expect results from this money they must provide solutions to the problems facing prison administrators today or at least a way to find these solutions by providing the means that will bring these solutions about.

FICTION FEATURE

THE SCHEME

By David Harvey

No casual onlooker would have ever suspected that I was an ex-convict. I just didn't look the part. I didn't look a day over twenty, and my \$200.00 custom-tailored sport coat and tapered slacks from Luigi's were hardly the typical hoodlums apparel. Yep, there goes old Joe College, they'd think. Must have a rich old man or something. Probably goes to Whattssmatta U. in Redwood City. No, I simply didn't look like the High-school drop-out, Ex-convict that I was.

But no one was actually watching me that day as I pulled into one of the reserved parking slots near the far corner of the Park - Lyndale Elementary School Playground. Not even my red Shelby GT Mustang Coupe turned any heads. I just seemed to blend in, so to speak.

Rolling down the window on the driver's side, I turned in the Naugahide bucket seat to watch the youngsters on the playground.

I had carefully studied the school's class schedule a couple of weeks before. I was fairly well acquainted with the various recess periods of the different grades. I had been watching the children for about a week and I recognized a good number of them by sight.

I glanced at my watch. 3:05. Ah, these are the fifth graders. I looked around for my friend Johnnie. Not knowing Johnnie's real name, I had tagged "Johnnie" on him for easy reference. I had become somewhat attached to Johnnie in those past few days of observation. He was the likeliest prospect of all the children I had seen so far.

I think my eyes narrowed a bit when I spotted him. He was behind the bike rack playing marbles. He appeared to be winning as usual. He was tall, with brown eyes and black hair. A very well dressed young man and I had figured his parents for some money. Yes, I had grown attached to Johnny. I decided that this evening after school would be the best time to move.

The bell rang, and Johnny and his classmates lined up to go back to class. I started the Mustang and headed back into the main stream of traffic. After cruising the area for half an hour, I returned to my vantage point at precisely 3:45 p.m.

The children were just starting for home. I soon singled out Johnny. Waiting until he had walked about a block, I stepped out of the car and followed. My faster pace allowed me to over take him in a short distance. I had made completely sure of the fact that he was alone.

"Hello, son, whats your name?" "Billy", he answered, "But I'm not supposed to talk to strangers".

"Oh, now, do I look like a mean old stranger to you?" I fixed a hurt look on my face.

"Well, I guess not," he answered, "But what are ya talking to me for?"

"Oh, I just noticed you had an awfully large bag of marbles there, that's all. See, I used to be a marble player, myself." "Did you win much?" he asked. "Ohh, sometimes", I replied, "But I'll venture to say I was never as good as you are, huh'."

"Probably not, I've been tournament champ for two year in a row now", he answered.

"Really, I said, sounding convincely impressed, "Why, I bet you've won quite a few marbles in that amount of time".

"Got about 5,350 of 'em," he answered proudly, "More than anybody in the whole school, why?"

"Gee, Billy, I've never seen that many marbles before in my whole life. Sure wish you'd show them to me."

Billy was outwardly impressed at my apparently genuine interest in his marble collection. He consented to show them to me.

As we walked to his house, we talked about our various marble playing experiences. In a few minutes we were in the living room and I was introducing myself to Billy's

mother as Mr. Jones. I could tell by the look on her face that she was not fully convinced of my sincerity in wanting to view a kids marble collection.

She followed us into the playroom and looked on as Billy opened the big toy chest full of marbles. I ran my fingers through the marbles and uttered a few "Oohs" and "Aahs". This cased her to change her expression to one of confusion.

I stood up. "I'll give you \$50.00 for them, Billy", I said quite outright. Billy looked at me quizzacally and stared for a moment.

"How about \$75.00" I asked, "Hard cash".

"S - Sure, I guess," he stuttered. If its OK with Mom". He exchanged one of those, "What kind of a nut is this expressions, with his mother."

"Well, sure, mister", she said, staring unbelievably "For \$75.00 cash I would sell you the kid."

"Joking of course", I thought, as I smiled and handed her the money. "I'll be back for them", I told her. I walked back to the Mustang and drove it to the house. Opening the trunk, I carefully laid the chest full of marbles on the floor.

For about four hours I cruised around town. I was looking for a street with a steep incline. I found one at the far end of the city. It was quite deserted.

I drove the car to the summit of it and faced it down hill in the center of the street. I placed the headlights on high-beam. There was still nobody stirring outside the scattered houses along the block.

I stepped out and opened the trunk. Quietly I removed the lid of the marble chest and placed it to one side. I Took the chest out and carted it to the front of the car standing squarely between the headlights, I gave the chest, marbles and all a toss down the hill!

I then perched myself on the hood and listened entranced by the sound of thousands of marbles rolling down the street.

When it was all over, I drove off into the night, feeling a deep sense of accomplishment.

You see, I hadn't ever really won at Marbles!!!

THE END

FUTURE JOURNALISTS

VISIT PRISON

As Editor of the MP News I had the opportunity of being interviewed by two Co-eds from the University of Montana.

The young ladies pictured above are Journalism student and are currently involved in writing a term paper on the Penal Press.

The interview I hope was an informative one for them but possibly of a more paramount interest to we who are confined within these walls was my observation of their views on the subject of prison and society.

I am quite sure that their image of prison and prisoners was completely shattered! I know that when I talked with them they seemed very impressed by the difference in what they saw and what they had expected to see.

One of the young ladies made the remark that she was impressed with the fact that ours is a small, self-contained society. And I wonder if she realized how close to the truth she really came.

Another remark made was that more individuals should tour the Prison. And I am sure that this idea would serve a two-fold purpose. Not only would it dispell the false image so many people have of prison, but it would also serve to point out deficiencies in our prison system today. The remark that probably stands out most clearly in my mind was made by the young lady who is planning a career in reporting. She said, she felt it should be required by the Public School system, that all students should tour the prison prior to graduation from High School. This could prove to be very effective in the area of Juvenile Delinquency prevention.

FOSTER PARENTS



January 1968

Dear Foster Parents,

I wish to take this opportunity to greet on and all and wish them happy tidings. Christmas time acquirès its most potent essence in ones remembrance of his family, for whom and from whom he acquires inspiration to achieve the utmost in his work and thoughts. Belated I want to greet you a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

You may said in your in a great surprise upon receiving a letter of mine, so if this was true I feel so glad enough. I am very glad if you have continued your planning about what you say in your message. I am seven years old when I first started to school. I imagine that your country is a beautiful than in my country.

I hope you're in the mind of having a happy Christmas. I pray to our almighty God to guard you always and may the blessings of Christ be with you and hoping also you are more happy in receiving my message of being your foster daughter. Even though we have not seen in person I think you are so kind and understanding.

In the last month of Dec. I received a Christmas gift and the money that cost P31.30 or \$6.00. Thank you and may God abide with you for all your undertakings.

Just Me,

Teresita Estacio

The Choice is Yours

On February 13, 1968, four inmates of Montana State Prison began a revolutionary new program. The inmates are members of a panel which is aptly named, THE CHOICE IS YOURS.

The idea for this program came about when various members of The Butte Exchange Club asked Warden Ellsworth to provide a program for their annual observance of National Crime Prevention Week.

Mr. Ellsworth knew that there were other states involved in the same type program so he turned the planning over to Mr. Ben Goldie, Director of Education at the prison. Mr. Goldie then wrote to Texas, Colorado, Indiana, Florida, Washington and Wyoming asking for pertinent information on the formation of their programs. In due time he received a video-tape from Texas, video-tape from Michigan City, Indiana and a tape-recording from Wyoming. After listening and viewing these he proceeded to go ahead with the project at MSP. He asked for volunteers and received 56 requests from the inmate population. After the inmates viewed the tapes, he then asked that each prepare a speech in his own words. The speeches were then carefully screened by members of the Institutional staff and 4 finalists were selected. In the beginning it had been decided that the panel would include only 3 speakers, but when the 4 finalists were presented to an audience of over 20 men and women in the Clark Theater it was decided that all four should participate on a rotation basis.

At the first presentation after over a month of very hard work the response was tremendous. On the 13th of Feb. the panel spoke at Butte Public High School, Butte Junior High School, The Butte Exchange Club and Butte Girls Central. At each the reaction was the same. For the first time many students were able to see and hear what had happened to people who not so very long ago, were just like them. The primary purpose of the program, is to point out the wrong road, in hopes that it will light the right one while at the same time laying down a challenge to kids to STOP AND THINK!

EDITORS' NOTE: Below is a letter which was sent to Mr. Ben Goldie, Director of Education at MSP. The letter was written after a woman and her son viewed a presentation of "THE CHOICE IS YOURS" on television.

Feb. 15 -1968

DEAR MR. GOLDIE,

I am writing this to you in all sincereness. I hope that it will strengthen your faith in the worthfulness of your program.

Tonight I was watching your show on TV from Butte and my young son who is 10 years old came in with a rather good-looking man's watch which he told me he had found. I naturally questioned it, but not to a fierce or unfair degree.

While still watching your program my son sat down beside me and watched it. Later, after it was over he related the fact that he had stolen it from the school gym during a basketball game.

I instructed him to return it and he had to do it alone as I have a little baby and smaller son and couldn't leave them. He returned it and when he came home I had him sit down and talk to try and figure out something as to the reason and so on.

Anyway my point is this, that my son told me that one of the men who spoke made him feel bad when he said something about self-betrayal, because I had explained what this meant as we were watching the program. I am glad that this program reached my boys ears and helped him to realize a point.

If I may but put in a suggestion to you without offence or criticism intended. Perhaps this tender age might be a good age to consider talking to, even more so than the ones who are older.

I hope this letter is received with the sincereness it was intended. For reasons obvious I'll not use our names.

Thank You,

Band Hi Lites

John
"Indio"
Carlson



Band activities have been somewhat slow in tempo as we are engaged in giving the stage area of Clark theater a complete work-over. Things like.....new curtain which will operate on an over-head suspension, that do move up and down instead of vertical.....new flooring (fire proof) for the practice rooms.....new metal stairways to these practice rooms.....and last, but not least, a new paint job. The place should gleam for our coming spring show.

We are still very much in need of musicians. All instruments! Especially lead guitar, rhythm guitar (who can read chord symbols), and all reed and brass instruments. Anyone desiring an audition please turn in an interview to Mr. Charles Sewell, Band Director.

Coming up in the near future is another Spring Variety Show for the public. In last year's show, we broke all previous attendance records and would like to do a better this year. Again the M.S.F. bands will feature all types of music.....Western, Rock 'n' Roll, Jazz, Listening and Dancing, and probably even some Folk.

As before, this show is strictly for the public and children between the ages of twelve and eighteen must be accompanied by an adult.

Also coming up is another trip down to Warm Springs to play for the patients there. This gig is always a blast and they would have us down there once a week if it were possible. (or is the word probable?)

That's all for this month, any man interested in being a part of one of our four bands, please notify Mr. Sewell forthwith. (right away)

MAYO CLINIC
ROCHESTER, MINNESOTA
55901

TELEPHONE 262-2511
AREA CODE 507

January 23, 1968

COUNSEL
GREGG ORWOLL
BENJAMIN R. HIPPE

Mr. Robert J. Walgraeves
Project Chairman
La Barge Jaycees
Post Office Box 7
Deer Lodge, Montana 59722

Dear Mr. Walgraeves:

Your letter of January 8, 1968, has been referred to me for reply.

Developments in the field of human tissue and organ transplantations have received a lot of attention in recent years, but the development of a Human Parts Bank comparable to the present organizations of blood banks seems to be a long ways off. This is probably due to storage, preservation, and transplanation problems unique to each organ or kind of tissue.

Recently, I have seen reference to a Temporal Bone Bank Center which is operated by The Deafness Research Foundation at 310 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York. I am not familiar with their work, but they may have some information of interest to you. You might also consider writing to the medical societies in your area and perhaps they could direct you to the institutions which are in need of organs for transplantation.

In addition to this, almost all medical schools have a continuing need for bodies for purposes of research and education. The American Medical Association has a publication concerning this and I am sure they will send you one by writing to them at 535 N. Dearborn Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

I hope that some of these suggestions prove helpful. You may well find this project a difficult one indeed, but on the other hand, as medical science perfects human transplantations, the concept of a parts bank may be feasible in certain areas.

Your organization is to be commended for your thoughtfulness.

Very truly yours,


Benjamin R. Hippe

Mini - News

FLASH.....Shag Miller, owner and also a Disc Jockey at KBOW a Butte radio station donates 600 records through a Jaycee record drive. These NEW (at long last) records are to be played on Saturday and Sunday evenings. A hearty thanks to Mr. Miller for his donation of Rock, Pop, Country Western and Big Name Band albums.

NEWS IN PENDING Completion of Gym nears! (Would you believe one-third finished?) Inside construction crew optimistic - weather permitting, Gym should be operational in the early spring. (photo spread next page)

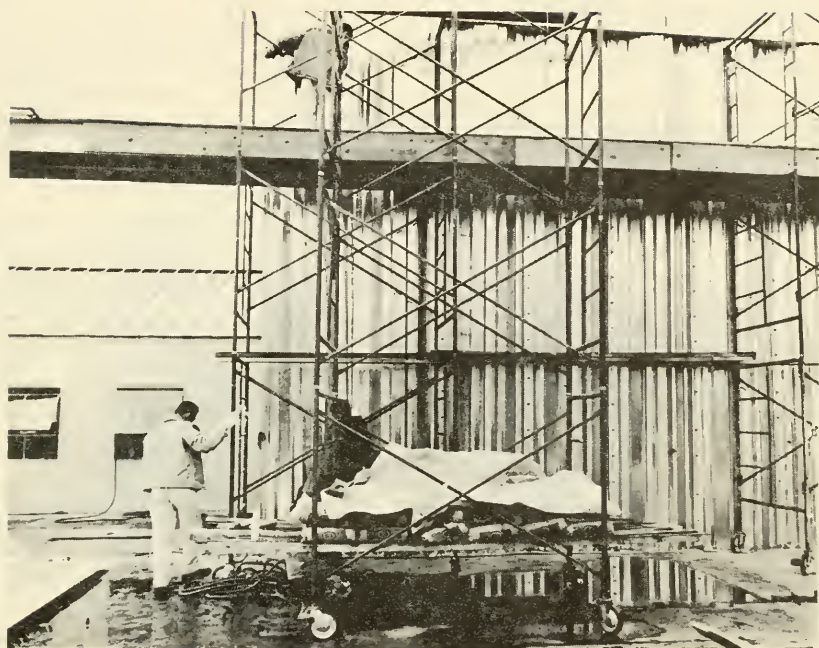
NEW TWIST TO TREATMENT PROGRAM Something new has been added for the women inmates upon their release from prison. They are not only going out with a new outlook on life, but will be sporting a professional hair-do also. Mrs. Curran who operates Marie's Beauty Salon, through her own desires, has offered her time and supplies to give each woman inmate a hair styling or permanent the day prior to her release.

We know this offer will be accepted whole heartedly by all. Leona B. who is leaving this month will be the first in line. LUCKY GAL!!!

BLOOD DRAWING LEACHES NEW HIGH 419 men gave at the last Red Cross Blood drawing. Out of 535 men (total population) 81% gave their blood. Rather high in any communities. 14% cannot give due to age, or past illnesses and a little less than 5% of the inmate population voice any qualms in regard to giving blood.

Fear, indifference, what have you, this still leaves a lot of men who benefit by way of ten days good time and a feeling of moral goodness. Many say that they only give for the good time, but it is in actuality, only the icing on the cake.

NEW GYM UNDERWAY



A Convict Who Cared *Joe Eder*

Behind the grey sandstone walls of Montana State Prison live many men from all walks of life. Most are interested in their own future, some are interested in the future of a friend. But very few are interested in the future of fellowman in general. At least not enough to do anything about it. But Montana State Prison there is an individual who at the risk of ridicule has been striving for the betterment of his fellowman. Joe Eder is such a man! But behind him are such traits as self-importance, self-glorification and in their places have come int rest and compassion for the human race.

Many men spend time in prison dreaming. Here again he has replaced dreams with a solid plan of action that has built a dream into a reality.

This is a true example of the American Spirit, in a time when such examples are few and far between.

Joe is an American Indian. A member of the Sioux Nation, but possibly more important to us he is the perpetrator of a program in Montana that is gaining not only state-wide notice, but nation-wide.

In prison, in a 6 by 9 foot cell, Joe saw a dream of a Half-way House materialize its reality. While in prison he began to realize that the shock of an individual returning to society from prison was a major factor in the recidivism rate. He realized that the place of adjustment was needed, a place where this initial shock could be in some way padded to a certain extent. This dream of a Half-way House has materialized into 2 houses of this type already operational and 3 more to be completed in the near future. Because Joe wasn't content with dreams and because he cared for someone other than himself, Penology in Montana has advanced. Pride isn't a word one often associates with a convict. But in this instance I think I speak for a good many citizens of our walled-in city when I say - We're proud of you Joe!

Penal News Around the World

EDITOR'S NOTE: The reappearance of AROUND THE PENAL WORLD - in this magazine marks the beginning of what I hope will be a new trend. I hope that the articles I will re-print will be of interest to the inmate population as a whole and serve to show the public what advances are being made in penology throughout the world.

FROM THE SAN QUENTIN NEWS:

Lester Maddox, the controversial Governor of Georgia freed 547 inmates just before Christmas. All of the men had good conduct records.

The governor said he granted Executive Clemency so that "A lot of little kids would have daddy home for Christmas."

FROM THE SPECTOR:

Authorities at a Florida prison have found a new method of reducing escapes: remove guards and walls.

In five years prior to 1961 there were 17 escapes from the Santa Fe Correctional Farm near Gainesville, Fla.

Then the walls were taken down and guards were replaced by supervisors. In the past six years there has been only one escape.

FROM THE SPECTATOR:

A noted penologist, Dr. Paul A. Thomas of Indiana, has published a paper in which he contends that prisoners should be paid wages for their work equal to the wages paid people for the same or similiar jobs in society.

Thomas says he doesn't understand why being locked up necessarily reduces the value of man's labor and that competition for good wages would be rehabilitative.

The idea is the mainstay of an industries institution planned by the state of California.

Poetry

CITY OF SLEEP

By John "Omar" Michel



Over the edge of the cold, stone wall
Where the single lamplight gleams.
I know the road to a merciful town
That's emersed in the sea of my dreams.

Where the weary may forget their wrong ways
And despondants no longer feel need to weep.
But we, pity us, Oh pity us
We wakeful, pity us
We must go back to our fettered day
Back to our city of sleep.

Over the edge of the cold, stone wall
Before the tender dreams begin.
Look, we may look, at the merciful town
But we may not enter in.

Outcasts all within this guarded wall
Back to our cells we creep.
To be awake, yet sentenced to slumber
How long, Oh how long
Must one be forced to sleep.

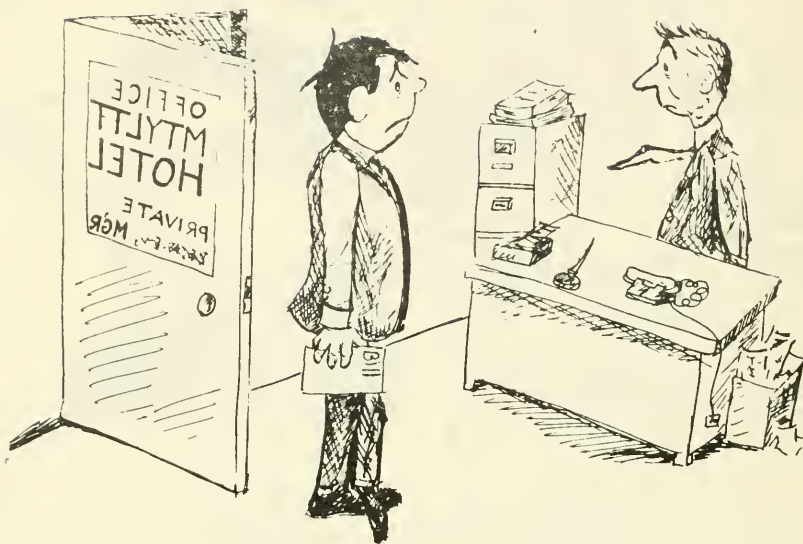


"WELL I WON'T HOLD YOU UP.....YOU'LL WANT TO GET
ON WITH YOUR TUNNEL !"

About the Cover

Designed by John Michel, applied to silk screening by John Ballanger.

The fettered heart motif, expresses the feeling of men in prison; it is not meant to be comical. It simply conveys the tragedy of separation.



"Sir, after 20 years as desk clerk here, I finally have one that has me stopped—The man in 1027 called the desk, asking whether or not we required the guests to stand by their beds during count; if we allowed talking in the dining room; and when we had 'yard'. He also mentioned his bill, wanting to know whether we took 'packs' or 'canteen' in payment."

the GAG BAG



A clergyman once told of the most nervous bridegroom he ever married. As was his custom after the ceremony, he put his hand on the young man's shoulder and nodding toward the bride said, "This is your wife." Instead of kissing her, the rattled bridegroom stuck out his hand and mumbled, "I'm very glad to meet you."

The bored professor, being catechized by a lady who asked him whether he had ever encountered any fact of nature which really puzzled him, replied, "Yes, madam. One thing has puzzled me exceedingly, and it is this. I cannot understand why, if exercise reduces flesh, so many women have double chins."

The young lover was obviously reeling out a heavy line trying to impress the beautiful girl at his side.

"Those soft, lovely hands," he whispered. "Your warm lips. And those beautiful eyes! Where did you get those eyes?"

The girl answered, unimpressed, "They came with my head!"

"I'm sorry we're so late getting home," said the husband to the babysitter as the couple returned home later than expected.

"Don't apologize," replied the frazzled sitter. "If I had a kid like yours I wouldn't be in a hurry to get home either."

"The majority rule is not reasonable in a family of small children, a prison or an institution of the feeble minded."

'Sydney Hook'

Many people are struggling to pay back what they borrowed to pay their income tax so that their credit will be good for a loan to cover vacation expenses.

They say there are two kinds of people in the world; the good and the bad. The good decide which is which.

A brand new doctor thought the patient looked normal and asked him what he was doing in a mental hospital.

"It's because I prefer cotton socks to wool ones."

"Ridiculous! That's no reason for sending you here," said the doctor. "I prefer cotton socks too."

The patient beamed. "I'm glad to hear that, Doc. Tell me, how do you like them? With oil and vinegar or just a twist of lemon?"

A wife whose husband arrived home after a few drinks too many was more than a little irritated. "If it were the first time, Tom," She said, "I could forgive you. But you came home like this in November 1916."

An aging farmer who had little patience with prankish children finally succumbed to the wiles of his young and attractive housekeeper, the mother of a seven year old boy. Soon after the marriage she took off for the big city to do some personal shopping. Upon her return a couple of days later he asked her son how he had gotten along with his new stepfather. "Just fine", exclaimed the boy. "Every morning he took me out on the lake and let me swim back to shore all by myself." "Heavens!" "Isn't that a long distance for you to swim?" gasped the mother. "Oh, I made it all right", said the boy. "Only I had a bit of trouble working the combination lock on the canvas bag he put me in!"

An owner from the west showed up at Churchill Downs with an eight year old horse that had never been in a race before and entered him in an important event. The unknown was hardly a betting attraction, and he was off at \$136.50. He galloped home first by 10 lengths.

The officials, puzzled, demanded, "Why haven't you raced this horse before? Why did you wait until he was eight years old?"

"Well, to tell the truth," said the owner, "We couldn't catch him until he was seven."

Spanish Fork Jaycees

February 18, 1968....guest in attendance were.....
Bob Romine, Deer Lodge; Tony Snedberger, Mayor Deer Lodge; Mr. Kellner, Director Dept. Of Institutions, and Warden Ellsworth. Frank Dryman presided as MC.

Awards were presented to....Stan Kesh-Chairman, Manuel Bighead-Basketball, Taejida-Outstanding Athlete, Lenord Doney-Boxing, Ben Lodge-Outstanding Sportsman, Larry Nelson-Speakup, Harold Pound-Associate Member, Jerry Hayes-Jaycee of the Year, Frank Dryman-Keyman of the year, Christmas tree wreaths-Committee of the Year..... (\$195.00 net profit) Outside guest came from...Deer Lodge, Philipsburg and Missoula.



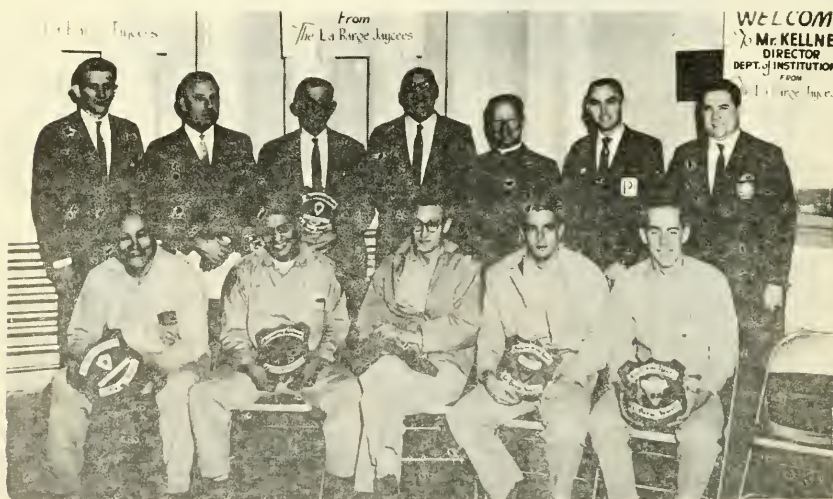
LA BARGE JAYCEES

The LaBarge Jaycees presented awards in the Clark Theater on the 17th of February 1968.

Those in attendance were: Mr. Ellsworth, Warden - Mr. Ronnemose, Recreational Director, Mr. Kellner, Director of Dept. of Institutions - Mr. Don Bianchi, State Jaycee President - Mr. Jim Flynn, National Director and Chaplin Skibsrud who gave the Benediction and Invocation.

Awards were presented for Outstanding Sportsman of the year (George Yelloweyes) Outstanding Jaycee of the year (Norman Ferguson) Outstanding Service Award (Donald Fletcher). Certificates of Appreciation were presented to: John Ballanger for his sign and art work and to Mr. Tony Sneiderger, Mayor of Deer Lodge for his participation as a Judge in sporting events.

All in all, the award presentation was an overwhelming success, as was to be expected from the wide assortment of OUTSTANDING men present, both from inside and outside



SPORTS HI-LIGHTS

Cloyce Little Light

January 27, 1908: The Kicking Horse Job Corps take two trophies home. (sob!) That's a fact! The mighty Montana Allstaters lost for a change.

The last time Kicking Horse was here they limped home but this time they galloped off, with two of our trophies to boot!

It looked good for MSP as Mike Heister 125 of MSP defeated Jones 132 of KH by a split decision in the first fight. Heister as in Easter, (not to be confused with Heist).

Lanchbury 142 of MSP was dropped in the first round by W. Lee of KH but not for good! Lanchbury made a come back in the second and put Lee on the canvas in return. In the third, with both scores even Lee proved to be a little too much for Lanchbury and won by a split decision.

In the third bout "Lacota" Hypine 175 MSP and Gary Lamer 185 MSP put on a fine performance. Both of these boys knew their way around the ring and how to throw them punches. I believe if the judges were aware of the fact that it was not an exhibition these two would have gotten something for their efforts. Hypine announced that this was his last fight. Hypine was supposed to fight "Tiny" Davis of KH, but as usual his opponent just couldn't make it. Hypine was winner by a split decision.

Mike Murphy 120 of MSP, can't believe it, but it's true, that Wood 120 of KH floored him with the first punch of this particular fight. Murphy picked himself up and put up such a good fight we hated to see him lose but lose he did by a split decision. The judges scored this "The best fight of the night" and both boys received trophies.

George Micheletti 141 of MSP lost by a unanimous decision to Redwell 143 of KH. George put up a good fight for a guy who can't see two feet ahead of himself.

In the sixth bout things turned to the worse as Dave "Hayuck" Harvey 142 of MSP lost by unanimous decision to Floyd Davis 142 of KH. This gave Kicking Horse four wins against MSP's one win.

Dennis Johnson of MSP conceded the seventh bout of the evening to Ed Parker of KH in 1:39 of the first round. Parker snuck in a perfect blow blinding Johnson.

A promising young fighter was decked twice in the first round of the eighth bout. Pete Garza 142 of MSP went down twice under the gloves of C. Johnson 144 of KH. The second knockdown was a little unpopular to the crowd because everyone (I believe) saw Pete slip. Pete came out in the second round and got his revenge, a straight right to the jaw put Johnson down for the count in 1:27 of the second. Pete got his KO fair and square.

Bobby "Montana" Dewar MSP and Australian Jones of KH squared off in the ninth bout of the night. Jones of KH didn't want all that leather and took a loss via TKO in 1:37 of the second round.

Sonny Boyer MSP and G. Kelly of KH put on a good show in the tenth fight of the evening. Kelly had a little more gas than Boyer and walked away with a unanimous decision win for KH.

Clifford Whitecow of MSP lost a unanimous decision to Wayne Price of KH. Whitecow displayed that Sportsmanship all the way through. You guessed right, he won the Sportsmanship Trophy. This was his retirement fight, the end of eight years in the ring for "Cliff".

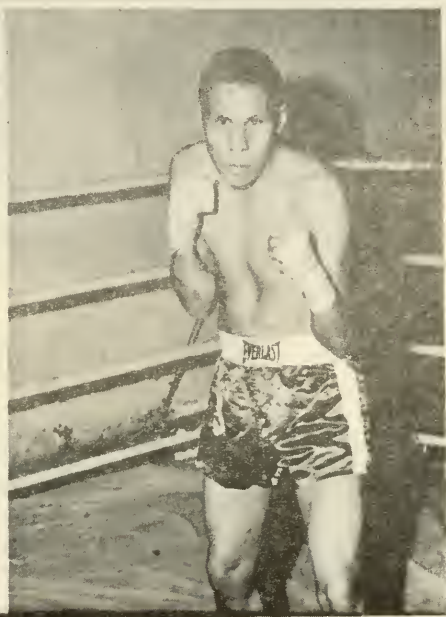
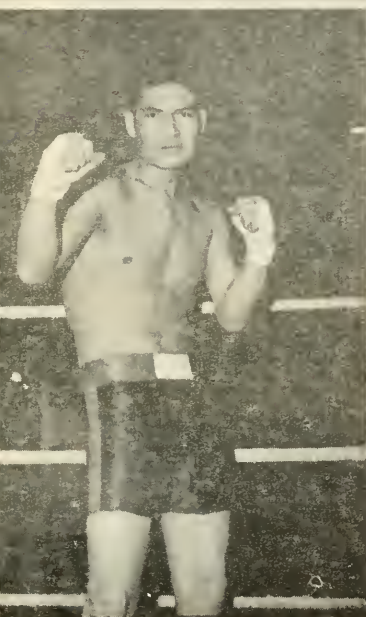
The "Special Even" of the night saw Leonard Doney MSP defeat Mack Edgerton KH by a unanimous decision. Doney held the reins all the way on this fight as Edgerton tried vainly to catch him with a lucky punch. Doney MSP moved in and out with ease while his opponent was thinking of what to do; give Doney another steak!

The main event of the evening as scheduled was to be "Lacota" Hypine and "Tiny Davis", but "Tiny" didn't show so Rolland Hanley MSP and Spivery of KH filled in for the "Main Event". And a good job they did too.

Hanley displayed some fancy footwork in this fight as he moved around Spivery of KH like a champ. The fight ended in 1:56 of the second round as Hanley maneuvered Spivery into position and put him out in the pasture.

The trophy winners were Kicking Horse - Team Trophy; Wood KH and Murphy MSP - Best fight of the night; Hanley MSP - Best fighter of the night; and of course, Whitecow MSP - Sportsmanship. MSP lost seven out of twelve, but as the old saying goes, "Win a few, lose a few", I might add, "We lose very few".

Cloyce Little Light



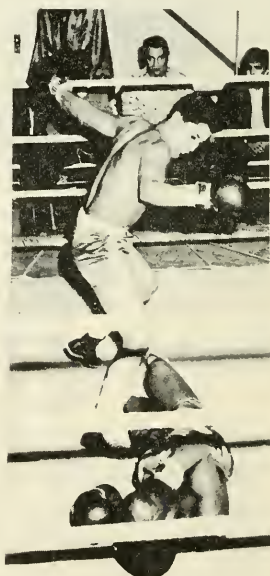
LARRY "LAKOTA" HYPINE

CLIFFORD "CLIFF" WHITECOW

The two pictures above are two of the best fighters at MSP. They fought their last fight on this card with the Kicking Horse Job Corps.

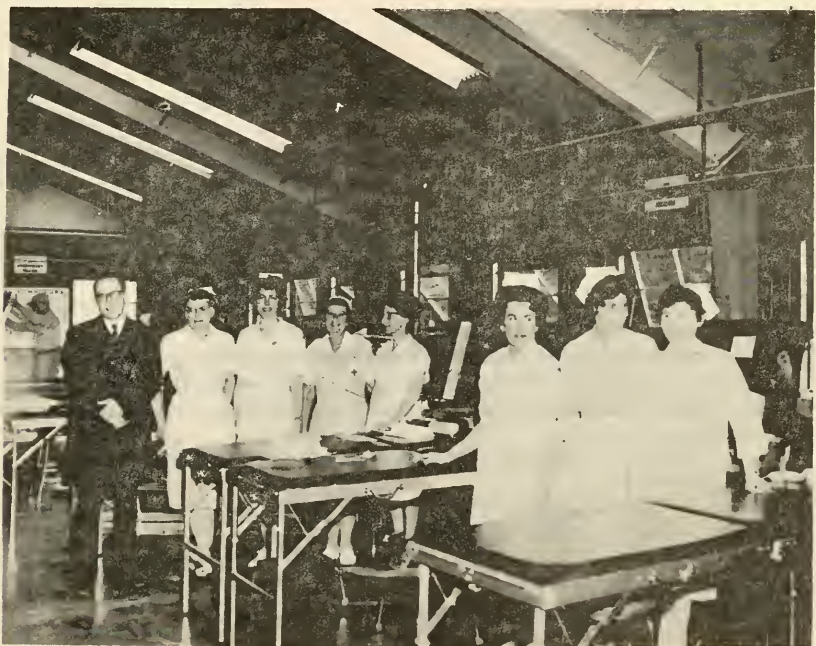


Kicking Horse Job Corp. Gallopes off with Boxing Trophies. (Above)
 Below, left - Hypine & LaMere square off.....
 Below, Right - Garza K O's Kicking Horse opponant-POW!!





Above...inmates in the process of donating blood.....
 Below...Red Cross personell, Nurses, Doctor, and Aids.





*"Stone walls do not a prison make, but throw in
armed guards and a general lack
of amenities, and you've got something."*

How To Be Popular In Prison

From the J S Time via the McEys

Cry on everybody's shoulder. Why should you do your own time? Your neighbor won't mind doing it for you, not much!

The world is wrong; you are right. Advertise the fact often and you'll attract flies.

Never fail to say something bad about the other fellow. Your audience, if any, will know that it's their turn next.

Put in for an interview at least every two or three days. The officials will appreciate your nuisance value. And your fellow inmates will know you are a good fellow to stay away from!

Never fail to have to have a good brief on top. Spring it at every opportunity. Your neighbor will want to pat you on the back--with a spade.

Don't tell the truth to anybody--ever. Tell them what you had and what you were--on the outside. The fellows will be sorry that you're here--you clutter up the place!

Whistle early in the morning, and be off-key! What your neighbor wishes for you should not happen to a dog!

Never fail to tell all and sundry how smart you are. They will never know the difference--the dopes!

Be different! Don't conform to the rules. You can have your associate red-hot all the time. Everybody will wish you were in--well, not here!

Don't do your share of the work. Let the other fellow carry the load. Serves him right--the dummy!

Never snap! He'll be able to guess your ancestry right away.

Everyone is ANXIOUS to read the
MP NEWS.
Subscribe NOW! Only
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Editor, M.P. News  **P.O. Box 7**  **Deer Lodge, Mont.**

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TIGERTOWN

by

Byron Gallagher

Its happening here in Deer Lodge, so we would like to ask for a Postal meet like they have in other State Divisions, we just need an officer that is interested in being a judge and to send in the results by mail.

Here are the facts; We now have a genuine champion- His name is Holiday, Mr. Montana, 1961 record holder.

On February 24, 1968, Gallagher equaled the State heavyweight record, with a Bench Press of 335 lbs.

Yet this is insignificant in view of the fact that four (4) men have bettered this weight. Two are here and two left via parole. No brag, just facts!

At this writing, the following facts are available....

Lightweight.....Mortell.....BP 278 lbs.

Lightweight.....Spadt.....BP 290 lbs.

Middleweight.....Allen.....BP 355 lbs.

Squat.....390 lbs.

Dead Lift...475 lbs.

Middleweight.....Mocoa.....BP 220 lbs.

Light Heavy.....Holiday.....BP 345 lbs. (State-Record)

Light Heavy.....Sewell.....BP 230 lbs.

Squat.....315 lbs.

Dead Lift...450 lbs.

Heavy Weight.....Dixon.....Squat.....375 lbs.

Dead Lift...475 lbs.

Heavy Weight.....Van Nuland...BP 225 lbs.

Squat.....325 lbs.

Weight-lifting is a year round activity, we would like comparison lifts, if at all possible, with the other institutions, we need a little outside competition.

We are ready for it! (again, Not brag, just fact.)

WHO'S AFRAID of the

BIG BAD PEN

BY

Royal D. Nadeau

For most of the past 45 years, I have been doing a lot of thinking about crime and I guess I know as much about some kinds of crime as any guy my age in the country.

And for about the last 20 months I read more and more about how to eliminate crime, mostly a lot of words by do-gooders with more soft soap than common sense.

They're the people who get listened to. Not tough cops and tough guards who know more about getting rid of crime than all the weeping willows from here to hell and back.

I know what I'm talking about. And I got an idea I could get rid of a lot of crime if someone listens to me and changes the system we use for criminals and prisons.

In May I will be 60 years old and 30 of those years were spent behind bars, and in things don't start getting better for me pretty soon, I'm liable to be getting a striped suntan by next summer.

You ever try getting a job with a record like mine? I been out about 20 months now and for me that is a long time. I would really like to make it this time.

I only pulled a few small jobs when I first got out but for a year now I am straight. Those jobs were in the Mid-west, too. Not out here.

About the joint--I had one jolt of 15 years, another of 9 years, one for 3 years and a Mickey Mauser of 18 months. I been up for burglary, safe-cracking and interstate transportation of stolen cars. Those cars were the real money-maker in Alabama and Florida but we got caught too quick.

I never did a job that would hurt another person. I did kill a man in Michigan State Prison with a razor in a beef that started over space in the yard. For that I did 9 months in the hole.

I went to prison the first time when I was 19 years old. I got a parole in 1932. Things were real bad in them days--it was during the depression and a safe was so empty that it didn't pay to bust it open.

I was so rehabilitated after four or five years in prison, I broke into a cafe, a tavern and a jewelry store the same month I was released.

The last job the jewelry store, I didn't know it had a silent burgler alarm. I'm out a month and I go back and do the rest of my 15.

Rehabilitation--as it's run now, is the biggest of the jokes among convicts today.

I'm not afraid of prison and most other guys who do time aren't either. You never will cut down on crime until you make men afraid of prison.

Prisons today are just big play-pens (and thats no intentional pun). You have the latest movies a couple of times a week...football, basketball, baseball to watch, or play...TV's in every cellblock...a store that peddles most anything you want except hacksaw blades.

Who's afraid of the BIG BAD PEN? Especially if you're an old con like me taking it hard on the outside. I kind of miss those first-run movies. I can't afford to go see them these days.

My idea to make men afraid of prison and cut down on crime is this--turn prisons over to the federals.

Then let the feds turn prisons into something to make them more scared of than death itself.

A man gets convicted and he goes up to the joint with no fixed sentence. He stays there until someone gets around to letting him out--like feet first.

Capital punishment...no one's afraid of capital punishment. The way it is now it's not feared.

It doesn't stop murder. But maybe people would stop and think if they knew they might be drawn and quartered like back in olden times.

When a man went to prison, he would be legally dead, no rights as a citizen, no mail, no visitors, no family, no parents, no kids. Dead as far as the outside world goes knowing that he would be released when he was fit to be and that might be never!!!!

The prisons would have gun galleries locking a man in the eye every time he turned around. There'd be no riot even if the guards used paralyzing needles instead of bullets. You'd never know which was coming at you if you stepped out of line.

Rebellion or mutiny would get a man the hole at least medical experimenting at the worse, that last (cont P35

a man'd be doing something useful for a change. And you can forget about REHAB!!

Like the first time I got out of Atlanta, the counselor asked did I have any plans. I told him I sure did, two supermarkets as fast as I could find them. And I did too.

Maybe this, coming from an old con, sounds too tough. But it isn't, not if you know the kind of world convicts live in. Prison is a joke to most of us.

But you make prison something that puts the fear of God into a man and you would find that he just might rehabilitate himself right out of trouble before he even gets into it.

Make him afraid of prison. Afraid in capital letters! Make him know he's legally dead when he goes up and he might be legally dead even if he lives to be a hundred. That's the toughest bit of it all.

Another thing -- when a man does get out, if he ever does, help him to make it on his own.

Right now, I'm doing tough time here on the outside, I can't find anything more than odd jobs, casual labor and that sort of stuff. I'm a blacksmith, plumber, carpenter, electrician, welder and burner. I took up the job of blacksmithing in prison so that I could make my own burglar tools when I got out. I made good ones too.

If there is a lodge or a house or farm that needs some work on it I will do it cheap. As long as it is on an island! I just want to live there.

I am single, sober and in excellent health.

THE END

EDITOR'S NOTE: About the last line of this article I am not to sure. The single and health part I will go along with, but the sober...NEVER!!! I wonder if the author of this article would have been so vehement if he were still incarcerated? It is certainly easy to see why he is not in a position to have any real say about the penal systems of our country. People have been striving to bring our prisons out of the "Dark Ages" because of the fact men were receiving no help.

Mr. Nadeau, where-ever you may be, I wish you luck in what ever you undertake. With the attitude you have I am certain that you will need it.

THE HEN-HOUSE

BY *Evelyn Olsen*

Here I am again! Bringing you the news from across the street.

We have 11 hens in our Hen House. Mary Hill is back after a vacation. Fat Gremmer is our other new arrival welcome to our Hen House Fat. Daisey is still waiting for her bus, Train, or Plane, "Long two weeks Daisey". Delores "our cock" is sick in bed. (from her own cooking?) Oh well, guess we'll never know. Madeline is making flowers for every occasion and even some occasions we don't have!! She is our entertainment committee. Our "Sleeping Beauty" Leona better wake up or she will miss her discharge date and never see her prince. I forgot to welcome Joyce, who just got here and is just leaving. Hello and Goodby, Joyce. Marilyn is still our mail girl, through rain, snow or dark of night she's up to her neck in mail. So, until next month, see ya around.

CORRECTION

In the halter and skelter rush of putting out last months issue of the MP News we named Donald Dixon as the Author of a biblical story we printed. THIS WAS NOT TRUE, Don merely took a story from the Bible and translated it into the prison vernacular. Our apologies Don.

PENAL PRESS REPRINT

MINE IS A LONELY WINE



authors name withheld

I'm something of a freak. Oh, I'm quite ordinary physically and mentally. And I'm considered to be even more attractive than the average woman. But in my neighborhood and my social set, I'm regarded with that speculative air we usually reserve for things about which we are in doubt. It's friendly enough, but still speculative. You see, I'm the wife of a convict.

Crime makes for sensational news and not a day goes by that does not see its quota of lurid write-ups in the daily newspapers. The crime and the criminal are reported extensively; what was said, what was done and the description of the criminal. And when a criminal is apprehended and brought to court to answer for his crimes, he is again subjected to the merciless ferreting of the news reporters.

We read about his background, his police record, what he looks like, how he conducts himself in court, and

(cont. on 138)

probability of his guilt. And sometimes it is reported that he is married and the father of children. We wonder about that, about his wife and about his children. What are they like? What is she like? What will happen to them now? The newspapers, of course, rarely supply the answers to such questions.

But I know the answers--and the problems, for there are many of them. I sometimes wonder which of the problems are the most difficult to resolve, but I am never able to decide whether it is necessity of raising our three children without their father, or the bitter loneliness of a married woman without her mate.

Partly because of the "skeleton in my family closet", and partly because I must attend alone and yet cannot be considered a single woman, my friends do not invite me to many of their parties and gatherings. Still, I take part in some social intercourse, although sometimes with unfortunate results.

It is unfortunate, for example, when the husband of one of my friends drinks a little too much and thinks that I am only waiting for some male to open his arms to me. I have grown wary, too, of accepting offers of a ride home from single men of any gathering--the verbal and physical sparring is not worth it.

Do I, then, obey my marriage vows and the seventh commandment? I try to. For the sake of my moral well being and for the sake of my marriage (in which I have faith--still) and for the sake of my children, I try to.

And on the infrequent occasions that I fail, I am beset with feelings of guilt and remorse and I make foolish promises to myself that I'll wait. But three years is so long! The problem of raising the children without their father is vexing in itself; however, in my instance it is doubly so since the children now know where their father is and why he is there.

I'll never forget the day, about a week after my husband's arrest, that my eldest boy came home from school in tears. It seems that parents of his school chums had gossiped in their presence about my husband, and the children had taunted my boys in the school yard the following day. My second oldest son is a little more stoic than his more sensitive brother. He did not give way to tears; he merely buried the shock deep within

himself. I wish he had wept, for I can cope with tears but not with suppressed emotions.

Although it entailed a financial outlay that I was ill equipped to bear, we moved to another neighborhood two weeks later. The harm had already been done, but at least it will not be aggravated.

As many women before me, I have found out that one parent cannot be two. I am the mother of my children and necessity notwithstanding, I cannot be their father too. My husband was, I always felt, somewhat too strict with our boys, but I realize that his strictness was a necessary foil to my softness, I am aware, too, of the deep-rooted fear that prompted his strictness---the fear (as he once expressed it to me) of their turning out like him.

I am too soft with them, I admit. And they need their father, no matter what he has done. I do not, however share his fear for them, and this is as much a tribute to the good in him as a father as it is to me as a mother. Yes, they need the sternness and the strength of a man to lean on. Yet, on the occasions when we visit or are visited by my father, my brothers or brothers-in-law, I find myself resenting their well-intentioned checking of my son's conduct. For me it must be the father or no one.

Losing their father has also meant that they must do without many things they would otherwise have, since we now live on city welfare. My youngest son has just reached school age which meant until now that I could not work for a living. Even now that all three boys spend the greater part of the day at school, I am doubt full that it would be a wise course to find employment to obtain more money to live on at the expense of their home. I believe with my husband that a mother's place is in the home.

As my husband puts it, why should young boy's be compelled to take lunches to school when they could come home to a warm meal, to a mother's concern for their hurts and cares, and to a mother's concern for their school activities? Although their home is fatherless it shall not be motherless to, for the few months my husband has left to serve. (turn to the next page)

But there are times when I am sorely tempted--when I for example, undertake the weekly chore of clothes repairs, when my birthday comes around, or when I ruefully look at another un in my stockings, or consider my old dresses. I do receive some occasional assistance from my relatives, but I am resentful of their attitude even though I gladly accept such assistance. They look upon me with a pity I do not ask for, much less need.

My life is tragic, they think in public; and what am I doing about it?--they speculate in private. Well it is tragic that three growing boys must be deprived of their father, but the tragedy is not catastrophic.

What I am doing is none of their business. The wife of a convict has many crosses to bear, not the least of which is the attitude expressed by friends, relatives and neighbors. It is marked with appraisal--is she tarred with the same moral brush as her husband? And if not, then why did she marry him? Why does she stick by him? How will their children turn out?

Being the wife of a convict has taught me one thing about human nature: everyone is possessed of both good and evil, saint and satan. I was shocked when I first became aware of the moral bigotry and hypocrisy of my fellow man. With what unctuous tones do they discuss the misfortunes of others! How smugly do they observe faults not their own! And how blindly do their eyes turn inward upon their own failings!

My own parents are kindly people, yet how often have they irked me with their air of long suffering for the daughter who married so unwisely; with the, oh, so solicitous manner they use toward my children. I sometimes believe they are only waiting for one of my boys to become a juvenile delinquent so that they may say, "I told you so." or, perhaps, "Like father, like son."

But my children are reasonably well-behaved and God fearing. And if they have been harmed by the deprivation of their father, the experience has its brighter in the trait of self-reliance it has urged upon them.

It is leading them to a maturity of spirit which may be rough in spots but is nonetheless sure. No, I don't fear for their future.

I have tried to explain their father to them so that there will be no rejection of him in their hearts. I

have tried to do this by recalling his many kindnesses to them and his moments of surprising gentleness and understanding when many fathers would lash out in anger.

I have tried, too, to explain how a good man can also have unworthy aims and desires and how some good men fight them and others succumb to them. I have further explained to my children how the apparent difference in character may be only the difference in reputation.

I urge them to write their father with some regularity to send him cards on his birthday, Christmas, Easter, and Father's Day. In part, this is to keep their father image close to the,, and in part to aid in the rehabilitation of my husband, for--despite his past----both my husband and I believe in a happier and productive future

My husband had already been in jail once when I married him. He did not keep the fact from me, but admitted frankly and honestly his mistake. I did not enter into marriage blindly on that day fifteen years ago. No, I entered it with a love and a faith that has grown stronger and deeper over the years. True, my husband has disappointed me twice since our marriage, but I have also been a witness to the forces of good that are in him, and my faith is constant that these forces will triumph.

Yes, I know the answers. It is a longing and a loneliness that moves in the bittersweet sharpness in late of the evening when the children are abed and I sit in the living room writing a letter to my husband. Twice weekly I write the news of the boys, a little news about myself. It is difficult to write about my feelings for I am constantly seeking new words and phrases to give him the assurance he needs so desperately, the assurance of my love for him. There. The letter is finished. I dim the lights, turn the radio on low and move to the chesterfield. Soft music fills the room, an old song, one that we both knew in happier times, times of laughter and love. "Music", said a poet, "Is the wine of love and love is the wine of life." Mine is a lonely wine!

EDITOR'S NOTE: The preceeding article was taken from a 1964 issue of the MP News. Credit was given to a 1958 issue of the KP Telescope. I feel the article typifies the feelings of many wives of incarcerated men.

extra! Sports

BASKETBALL AT ITS BEST (Rothe Hall vs Inside)

The inside A team stopped their opponents twice in a Sturday afternoon double-header. The opponents were Rothe Hall. (Trustys)

In the first game after scoring, 28 points in the first half, the inside A team erupted for 46 points in the second half to post its first win. The first game went back and forth in the first half with each team taking the lead several times, then Rothe Hall cooled off giving the inside a 5 point lead at half time, 28 to 23. The second half was broken wide open with Michel and Bain scoring 33 points between them. Michel hit for 17 and Bain 16. The final score was 74 - 50.

In the second game after several minutes rest both teams hit the hardwood again. (Did I say hardwood? I'm sure sorry about that!) Again Rothe Hall played good ball in the first half. The game went back and forth for the entire half with the inside coming out with the slim 3 point lead, 25 to 22. In the second half, the inside tickled the twine for 20. The final score was 45 to 28 for the inside to post its second win.

SCORING RESULTS

FIRST GAME, INSIDE A. TEAM

PLAYER	F.G.	F.T.	T.P.	FOULS
Van Nuland	3	3	9	0
Tanner	1	0	2	2
Michel	12	1	25	1
Bain	9	0	18	2
Wallace	1	0	2	0
D.Charmc	1	0	2	0
Schilling	3	2	8	1
Baldwin	4	0	8	1

Michel high man for the inside with 25 points.

PLAYERS	F.G.	F.T.	T.P.	FOULS
ROTHE HALL				
Clark	5	2	12	2
Lodge	4	0	8	0
Big Head	4	3	11	2
Wilson	0	0	0	1
Matt	2	2	6	0
Walks On Top	2	0	4	1
Wenig	0	0	1	0
La Fromboise	2	0	4	1
Trusty	2	0	4	1
Snow	3	0	6	0

Clark high man for Rothe Hall with 12 points.

SECOND GAME: WINNER - INSIDE "A" TEAM

PLAYERS	F.G.	F.T.	T.P.	FOULS
INSIDE				
Van Nuland	2	2	6	0
Tanner	0	0	0	0
Michel	8	1	17	1
Bain	2	0	4	0
Wallace	4	0	8	2
DeCharme	1	1	3	0
Schilling	0	1	1	0
Baldwin	0	0	0	0
Yellow Eyes	3	0	6	0

Michel High man for the Inside with 17 points.

ROTHE HALL

Clark	0	0	0	1
Lodge	4	0	8	1
Big Head	2	0	4	0
Wilson	1	0	2	1
Matt	5	0	10	1
Walks On Top	1	0	2	1
Wenig	0	0	0	1
La Fromboise	1	0	2	0
Trusty	0	0	0	1
Snow	0	0	0	1

High man for Rothe Hall, Matt with 10 points.

From The Warden's Desk!

With over six years' tenure as administrator of Montana State Prison behind me, I have a few comments to make that may or may not interest the inmates of this institution.

When I speak to the Reception Unit group, you may recall that I stress three points quite emphatically:

1. Read the INMATE RULE BOOK and comply. None of the rules are difficult or out of reason.
2. Do your work no matter what your job assignment might be. There isn't a thing that could be classified as "Hard Labor" in the entire institution.
3. Be receptive to authority. By this, I might point out, means to do as you are instructed by department heads, supervisors and custody officers. These people have completed a Training School and will not abuse their authority. Any member of my staff who attempts to exceed his authority, must answer to the Warden personally.

You will also recall that I told you, upon your arrival, that if each of you observed these three simple rules we would do everything possible in the way of treatment and training for you. Our treatment and training program leaves a great deal to be desired, but I am sure our legislators recognize this fact and will do something about it in the near future.

This is the first of a series of messages from the Warden to the inmate body. I believe the MP News is a better media than the bulletin board.

Next month I will discuss CUSTODY AND SECURITY.

Ed Ellsworth Jr.
Warden

La Barge Jaycees

BLOOD FOR VIET-NAM

Many of you men in our walled city, have heard the rumor circulating around that the LaBarge Jaycees were proposing a Blood drive as a form or protest against the Anti-Viet-Nam Disentors. This was true!

I was surprised at the whole-hearted support this project received from the inmate body, and although our blood is not needed at this time, I would like you men to share, in part, a letter from Mr. A.F. Kussman, Director of the Montana Red Cross Blood Center.

Dear John,

This is to follow-up the discussion which I had with you on the morning of Friday, January 26.

"The military stocks of Gamma-Globulin, the blood derivative used to minimize hepatitis, have reached such a satisfactory level that the Defense Dept. has requested the American National Red Cross to terminate its collection activity in this area. The collections for Vietnam were in the meantime, good. The strong support that all of you at the Montana State Prison have given to the blood program is very helpful. Blood needs continue all around us, every day of the year, due to sickness and accidents on the part of people, from the very elderly, to the very young. Some of the recipients of blood are "Ex-servicemen", veterans of past U.S. Military Service.

Many of them do not have friends and relatives readily available to help supply this blood. So all of you at MSP who give blood when the bloodmobile visits there deserve much credit for the help you are giving many needy people.

If and when the Department of Defense again asks for either blood or blood derivatives for any U.S. servicemen, you can be certain that we will let you know so that all donors at MSP can take part.

SIGNED: Yours truly,
Arthur F. Kussman
Admin. Director
Montana Redcross

Mount Powell Toastmasters Gavel Club 141



Jim Wells

Mount Powell Toastmasters Gavel Club #141 has held four meetings since the re-organization took effect, and most of the members have been giving their Ice-breakers.

Mr. McDonald, our Educational Vice-President, should be commended on his well planned programs, and the fine work he has been doing.

Mr. Sullivan, our President, is to be commended on the way he has been keeping the meetings running so well also.

Mr. Stanley Campbell, the club counsellor, has done a very fine job as Chief Evaluator, and he has been in the process of teaching us what to look for while evaluating a speech.

Mr. Watt, although he is leaving the Co-editorship and I, would like to take this opportunity to welcome the new members into the club and wish them the best of luck in becoming good speakers.

The club hopes to obtain our membership pins in the near future. So any member who wishes a pin please see the Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. William Love.

As the writer of this News-letter, I have written to a few of the area clubs, trying to get them to respond to our plea for their help and guidance, so we of Mount Powell Gavel Club #141 can learn how the outside clubs are being run.

We have some good potential speakers, and if we can get the help of our fellow Toastmasters from outside, we can become a credit to the name.

THATS ALL FOR THIS MONTH, BUT I'LL SEE YOU NEXT!



BROTHERHOOD

A VISIT WITH YOUR CHAPLAIN

Box 7

Deer Lodge, Montana

A friend of mine tells of being the Commanding Officer at an Army camp during World War II. The Chaplain of the camp submitted a report saying the Commanding Officer was unco-operative. My friend called the Chaplain to his office and explained that his philosophy was one he'd learned from the Scripture that says, "Whatever a hand finds to do, do it with all your might!" (Ecc.9:10) The work he felt God had given him to accomplish was to build up a badly run down camp. He argued that he'd been co-operative in supplying the Chaplain with everything he'd requested for his program. The outcome of the incident was that the Chaplain discovered faith in one he he'd judged as faithless.

My friend and the Chaplain became friends, because one had taken the time to understand the other.

Coming to Montana State Prison with a job I believed God has called me to do, I would "Do it with all my might". To this end I enrolled in the officer training course and gained much information about our institution.

One of my assignments included an inspection of inmate living quarters (shake-down). There was considerable expressed resentment by the inmates for this involvement.

This is understandable, yet regrettable. Resentment at having your honesty challenged is understandable, but more regrettable is your unwillingness to trust me to believe that my purpose in the officer training was to gain knowledge and experience that will help me serve you better. Because I had opportunity to be involved in our traditional (shake-down), I was inspired to suggest in our officer training course a need for studying the possibility of other more effective methods for establishing honesty among the inmates. The officer training course permitted me to make this observation--that MSP has a program in which there is continuous study toward improving our operation so as to better serve the inmate. To you men of mature judgement I appeal--for understanding, and for a spirit of fairness that (cont. on p. 4b)

does not judge me before I have had time to prove myself and my intentions.

Religious faith is established as a positive factor in character rehabilitation. That faith in God has never become important for many of you may be due to many reasons. Whatever those reasons are, I challenge every man to "TRY GOD". Try God, I invite you, as someone who will help you understand yourself; believe in God and begin to know him as someone who is ready to help you where you are today; Love God and discover power to better understanding your neighbor---power that makes you glad to be of help to him. If religion has never offered you such an advantages, why not sit down and talk about ways to let it become a meaningful part of your life.

In personal experience I've learned that the best help in handling troubles and worries is to find another person whom you can trust to talk about them. The outcome will be that you'll feel relieved and unburdened, your problem will have shrunk to a size that you can handle, and God will be holding out His help in the friend who's listened sympathetically.

Come talk with your chaplain about whatever's "bugging"--you. I know that God will help us find some answers. Come talk about making the most of your time here. Come get involved in the many things that can deepen and strengthen your faith---worship, Brotherhood-----let's have a choir! And don't neglect letters home! Our office has a supply of greeting cards for all occasions that are yours for the asking. Stop for a card and make it an occasion for our getting better acquainted.

YOUR CHAPLAIN WANTS TO SERVE YOU. PROVE HIM AND SEE.

Your chaplain and friend,
A.O. Skibsrud

**BOX 7, DEER LODGE
MONTANA 59722**

TO:

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Montana State Library Commission
930 E. Lyndale Avenue
Helena, Montana 59601

